

PURITAN New passed away. Since first beside the Plymouth coast the English Mayflower

good governor, sent fowlers forth to

The turkey and the wild fowl, to increase the scanty fare:"

"Our husbandry hath prospered, there is corn enough for food,

Though 'the pease be parched in blossom,
and the grain indifferent good.'

Who blessed the loaves and fishes for the

feast miraculous, And fixed with oil the widow's cruse, He

"Give thanks unto the Lord of Hosts, by whom we all are fed, Who granted us our daily prayer: 'Give us our daily bread!'
By us and by our children let this day be kept for aye.

In memory of His bounty, as the land's Thunksgiving day."

Each brought his share of Indian meal the plous feast to make,
With the fat deer from the forest and the
wild-fowl from the brake.
And chanted hymn and prayer were raised

-though eyes with tears were dim-"The Lord He hath remembered us, let us remember Him!"

Then Bradford stood up at their head and lifted up his voice:
"The corn is gathered from the field, I call you to rejoice; Thank God for all His mercies, from the

greatest to the least;
Together have we fasted, friends, together let us feast.

"The Lord who led forth Israel was with us in the waste; Sometime in light, sometime in cloud, before us He hath paced:

Now give Him thanks, and pray to Him who holds us in His hand To prosper us and make of this a strong and mighty land!"

From Plymouth to the Golden Gate, to-day their children tread, The mercies of that bounteous Hand upon the land are shed:

"flocks are on a thousand hills," the prairies wave with grain, The cities spring like mushrooms now where once was desert-plain.

Fleap high the board with pienteous cheer and gather to the feast, And toast that sturdy Pilgrim band whose

courage never ceased.

Give praise to that All-Gracious One by whom their steps were led,
And thanks unto the harvest's Lord who
sends our "daily bread."

-Alice Williams Brotherton, in Home

*"There was great store of wilde turkies of which they took many beside venison.
. . The fowlers had been sent out by the governor that so they might-after special manner—rejoice together after they had gathered the fruits of their labors."— Palfrey's History of New England.





UNT SARIE! Aunt Sarie! do come quick, the mince pies are burning!' And a small head

with two tight flaxen braids was thrust hastily out of the kitchen window and as precipitately withdrawn.

Aunt Sarah, who was evidently lost in deep thought, gave such a sudden start that the great yellow pumpkin she was lovingly caressing fell from

"Well, I do declare!" she exclaimed reproachfully, as she hastened to recover her treasure and turn her steps towards the farm house. "If things haven't come to a pretty pass, Sarah Jane Smithers. You a woman of 60, and standing out here dreaming like someyoung girl, and leaving your mince pies to the mercy of a child. But I guess I ought to be excused this once, things have come so terrible sudden like. This time yesterday I was living my old humdrum life, and not thinking about making a Thanksgiving dinner. I always said I'd have a big one when I got the mortgage paid and not before. But I haven't seen one of my own flesh and blood for 20 years. And to think that Cousin Jim is coming and bringing his wife and children.'

By this time she had reached the kitchen; and breathlessly depositing her burden upon the spotless table she proceeded to open the oven door, whence issued a savory odor.

"Just one minute more, Susie Belle, and these mince pies would have been

burnt to a crisp. "Yes'm," replied Susie Belle, respectfully, and with a shade of awe in her tone. "That was the reason why I called you. I thought you had for-

It was such an uncommon event for thorough-going Aunt Sarah to forget anything that the rather timid child felt some hesitancy in alluding to so flagrant a breach of the good woman's strong point. Aunt Sarah colored slightly, but made no reply.

"Now, child, you fall to work on this pumpkin while I dress the turkey. I want to get everything pretty well done up to-morrow so there won't be much on hand when Jim's folks get here.'

Aunt Sarah was the last surviving member of a large and prosperous family. She lived alone with the exception of an orphan child of 12 years. As one by one those whom she loved, and for whom she had cheerfully sacrificed her life, passed away, and she had no animate object upon which to lavish her affection, she turned it all | with a heavy heart. The brightness and | mind a bit, dear Aunt Susan. Of course lived for two generations, Cousin Jim his wife and children she had never

The one great shadow that darkened Aunt Sarah's life was a mortgage for payment of which was rapidly approaching. Her usually cheerful disposition was so clouded by this trial that for several years she had not been able to find heart for the celebration of folks," those that really cared for her and were her own, were coming, she must make suitable preparations for their entertainment.

found her up by four o'clock, and bustling about with a brighter face and a brighter step than she had known in years. All day she mixed and stirred and baked and tasted, regardless of the lowering clouds and steady rain without. By three o'clock in the afternoon the last pie, steaming hot, was placed beside many others in neat rows on the pantry shelves, the enormous turkey. brown and crisp, lay in regal state beside a spiced ham. Cakes, snowy loaves of home made bread, jars of preserved fruits, jellies and marmalades and pats

of golden butter were arranged in

to the old house where her family had warmth of the sitting-room smote her with a deep sense of guilt. She tried to had spent many years in Missouri, and put the matter from her mind; but every time she looked into the glowing flames she saw a host of cold, haggard faces. Unable to bear it longer, she left the room on the pretext of seeing that \$1,000 upon the place, the time for the all was well upstairs. She passed from one to another of the neat bedrooms. Never before had the old-fashioned, high-posted beds looked so inviting. She paused in deep thought. Suddenly her eyes rested upon a faded sampler she any festivities. However, since "Jim's had worked when a child. The long, uneven letters in red, green and purple silk danced before her eyes. "Inasmuch as we have done it unto one of the least So the morning before Thanksgiving of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

"Done it unto Me," the words echoed in her ears. What if He were out in the rain hungry and cold, would she have treated Him thus?

She sank beside the bed and bur-

ied her face in her hands. "Dear Lord," she sobbed, "it is so hard, when it is the only pleasure I've had since mother died, five long years ago. I wasn't expecting it, and it all came so sudden like, and now to have it spoiled. But for Thy sake, Lord, accept the sacrifice!"

"Susie Belle," said Aunt Sarah a few minutes later as she appeared muftempting array. Aunt Sarah gave a fled from head to foot, "I'm going down



"DO COME QUICK, THE MINCE PIES ARE BURNING."

sigh of satisfaction as she surveyed the | to the village. I hate to leave you, goodly store.

"Here, Susie Belle," she said, filling the child's hands with some of the choicest cookies. "Take these and eat them. We've got enough for to-morrow. Let me see, Jim has five children. Well, I want those little ones to have a real, old-fashioned dinner for once in their lives. I don't believe they ever had one out there in Missouri. Dear me! how it does rain!" she ejaculated; 'but I'm not a mite afraid of its keeping Jim's folks at home. Once Jim sets his head to do a thing, he always would have his way or die."

by the cozy sittingroom fire "to rest a bit" after her hard day's work.

Just as she was dreaming of a Thanksgiving long ago when she and Jim and her brothers and sisters popped corn and roasted apples before the great open fire, a loud knock caused her to jump to her feet in alarm.

"Who on earth can be coming on such an evening?" she muttered drowsily, as she groped her way through the hall

to the door. "Why, Mr. Stanton! what has brought you up here in such a rain as this!" she

exclaimed in surprise. "Come right in." The cashier of the Newton bank glanced down at his dripping mackintosh and muddy boots, then at the immaculate oil loth on the hall floor.

"No, thank you, Miss Sarah," he answered. "I am in a great hurry. Haven't you heard the news? The dam at Watertown has broken; nearly all the place is submerged, especially the poorest quarters near the factories. The people are flocking to Newton in droves. Every hotel, private house and public building is full and yet more are coming. It is pitiable to see them drenched and shivering after walking four miles in this dreadful rain. Many of them have had nothing to eat since early morning. We are trying to find shelter for them in the nearest farm houses, and thought, as you haven't much family and considerable room, you might accommodate a good number.

Aunt Sarah's eyes grew round and her jaw dropped in dismay. At any other time she would have made the poor wanderers welcome enough. But now-and, in imagination, she beheld the groaning pantry shelves, the shining floors and the beds with their fresh lavender-scented sheets.

"Mr. Stanton," she began, faintly, "I never hated so much to refuse anything in all my life. It doesn't hardly look Christian, and under ordinary circumstances I wouldn't think of refusing; but my cousin, that I haven't seen for years, is coming to-morrow. His children never have had a real good Thanksgiving, and I can't think of having everything torn up before they get here. I am dreadful sorry."

Mr. Stanton was disappointed, yet he went away glad that such an unexpected pleasure was coming into Aunt Sarah's life. He quite understood her feelings, though when he thought of the miserable unsheltered creatures in the town, he wished it might have been

otherwise. Aunt Sarab turned from the door

though there isn't anything to hurt you. I will hurry back as quick as I can, and you kindle a fire in the kitchen stove."

The child, dumb with astonishment, could only gasp: "Yes'm." She stood watching the resolute figure until it was lost to view, and turned away with a shiver as she thought of the distance to the village. She knew nothing of the interview with Mr. Stanton, She understood, however, that only some stern duty or pressing necessity could take Aunt Sarah from home so late and on such a stormy evening.

Notwithstanding her promise to re-And she settled back in her armchair | turn promptly, it was nearly two hours before Aunt Sarah threw the doors of her sitting-room invitingly open.

> "Come right in," she said, cheerily, "every one of you, just as fast as you

> Susie Belle, who had fallen asleep after a weary watch, started at the sound of Aunt Sarah's voice. She fell back a few steps and began to rub her eyes. What could it mean? She was surely dreaming. Pouring into the room were rough men and miserable, drenched women, many of whom were carrying small children.

> "Here, child! These poor people have had their homes washed away. Show the men into the kitchen while I get dry clothes for the women and chil-

> And Aunt Sarah fell to emptying chests, drawers and wardrobes, utterly regardless of her usually orderly habits. By ten o'clock that night, 20 men, women and children had been warmed, bountifully fed and comfortably bedded.

> Aunt Sarah felt a strange lightness of heart as she and Susie Belle sought a hard bed in the attic. True, she was at first unmindful of His command; but had she not made generous atonement? Even the garments of her beloved dead which she had aired and treasured year after year, were put into use that night. A dry sob arose in her throat as she thought of "Jim's folks, "Never mind," she said to herseif. "Perhaps they will stay over Sunday, and I can cook them another Thanksgiving din-

> Morning dawned clear. Aunt Sarah and her willing little helper were up betimes preparing breakfast for their numerous visitors, and a right comfortable one it was. Many of the wayfarers set out early to return to the doomed town or to seek friends or relatives in the country. Others lingered as though they were too weary and frightened from that terrible day's experience to think of aught else. Most of them were of the poorer class. One among them, however, was a man of kind and gentle manners, who somehow won Aunt Zarah's confidence at once. He did not ask many questions; but before she realized what she was doing, she had told him of the expected guests, the disappointment and even the mort-

> A little later Aunt Sarah was hovering about her relatives, explaining and apologizing with tears in her eyes.

"Wasn't it grand of her to do that?" said Jim's wife, who proved to be a

we'll stay over Sunday, and I will help you cook to-morrow; and Saturday we'll have a big dinner. I am not at all afraid of starving in the meantime.'

Although the dinner was two days late, never was a more tempting one placed upon a board nor ever did happier people gather around it. Just as Cousin Jim had finished asking a blessing, his eldest son returned from the village, where he had gone upon an er-

"Here is a letter for you, Cousin Sarah," he said, handing her a large

"A letter?" she echoed. "Who can be writing to me?" She broke the seal and a crisp bank-

ote fell upon her plate. She read aloud:

'Dear Madam:
"I beg that you will pardon the liberty I take in sending this amount. I shall never miss it, as I am a wealthy man and have no family. One who knows how to make much good use of a home should certainly

not lose it. Yours truly, "ROBERT UPTON." "Oh, I don't deserve it! I don't deserve to be paid in this way!" and Aunt Sarah buried her face in her apron .-Eleanor Norton Parker, in N. Y. Independent.

ABOUT THANKSGIVING.

How the Proclamation Is Issued by the President-A Boy's Composition.

After Hallowe'en is over, the next thing to look forward to in the way of a fete day is Thanksgiving. A few days before Thanksgiving the president issues his annual proclamation. There is a little form to be observed about this.

It is composed by the president himself, which, you know, is not true of all state papers, and in most instances written out in his own hand. When this is done, the document goes to the state department, where it is carefully copied in ornamental writing that is almost like engraving, on the official blue paper of that department. The next thing needed on the document is the great seal of the government. This seal is kept by the clerk of pardons and commissions, and it is very carefully guarded under lock and key. Its keeper will not get it out without a special warrant signed by the president, and an impression of the seal is quite a ceremony in itself. When the proclamation has been thus duly signed and sealed, many copies are made of it by clerks, and one is sent to the governor of every state in the union. It is also given out then to the press agents, who telegraph it all over the United States, and in this way the day is announced. The governors, as they receive it, issue one themselves for their state.

The first proclamation, issued by President Washington in 1789, was dated early in October. News could not be telegraphed everywhere in an hour then, and the word from the executive mansion had to travel slowly, so it was got out in plenty of time. Washington's example in the way of issuing a proclamation was not followed by all his successors. The practice stopped with him, and was not revived until Lincoln became president. Since then, however, every succeeding president has issued a proclamation.

Here is that funny composition which a boy wrote about Thanksgiving, which is worth repeating, now that it is timely:

Thanksgiving was brought over from England by the Puritan Fathers in the year 1620. It has staid here ever since. On Thanksgiving everybody goes to church in the morning, so as to have everything out of the way before dinner. Then you come home and hang around a little while and get awful hungry smelling the turkey. After dinner Thanksgiving is over."-N. Y.





Oh, we find on glad Thanksgiving, When we've passed beyond the soup, That a bird upon the table Is worth two out in the coop.
-N. Y. World.

A Welcome Day.

The setting aside of a day of national thanksgiving is one of the finest customs that could grace the record of a prosperous nation, and no time in the year offers more graceful opportunity for living out the spirit of the day to its most practical extent. All expect a good dinner on Thanksgiving. They don't always get it, to be sure, but the day has so long been associated with the thoughts of an exceptionally good meal that the very name of Thanksgiving day almost smells like turkey and eranberry sauce.—Detroit Free Press.

Each in the Market.

"Wasn't it lovely in the Jones' to ask us to eat Thanksgiving dinner with them?"

"I don't know; they waited so late ! think they expected us to ask them." Chicago Daily News.

Sprends Itself.

Thanksgiving day makes even the dining-table "turn over a new leaf" and plump, kind little woman. "Don't you spread itself .- L. A. W. Bulletin.

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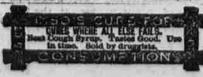
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